

Quaranteam: North West

Chapter 17 (Beta)

By BreaktheBar

The following story is based on the fantastic [Quaranteam](#) series by CorruptingPower over on Literotica. You can continue to expect general themes of light Mind Control, bonding and Harems from the original, but with a slightly edgy and alternative cast.

This draft won't be official until it receives the approval of CorruptingPower to make sure it falls in line with his plans and the overall timeline of the Quaranteam universe. It may see small or large revisions before final posting. If any major revisions are made, I'll make sure to let the Patrons know!

"You know, I totally get why, but I'm a little jealous that you're getting this and I'm not," Leo said and then let out an entirely relaxed groan.

"Hey, I consider it a family heirloom," I grunted back, already with my head thrown back and my eyes closed as I enjoyed the soft breeze coming in through the trees.

Over the past day or so I'd spent a lot of time up at the spring. Vanessa's warning had been taken to heart and after my minorly traumatic trip down to Eugene I'd been more than happy to take a day off and make sure my girls and I had good, solid memories of the space tucked away.

That is to say, I fucked each of them on the banks of the Spring and enjoyed the cooling waters with each of them individually. Now we were running out of time and Leo and I had decided to take Man Time for ourselves. It only felt right since, before the world turned upside-down, it had been just us.

I reached over and grabbed another beer from the little cooler we'd brought up with us and cracked it open, the sweet snap and sizzle music to my ears. "So, how are things over at your house?" I asked after taking a sip. Leo and I had been spending less time together than in the past few years, both because I'd taken the Sheriff's job seriously but also because we were both trying hard to make sure everything in our multiple relationships were running smoothly.

"Weird and wild," Leo said, grabbing his own second beer and cracking it open. "Sometimes I don't know what to do with myself in the morning, and I miss having the barn to work in, but all of a sudden it's dinner time and between Dani, Aria and India I've been doing stuff all day, and

then family dinner keeps us busy halfway into the night and my head hits the pillow and I'm out like a light."

"Yeah," I chuckled. "I feel like that a lot too." It was odd, knowing that I'd thought I filled my days pretty well when it was just Leo and I up here. The amount of just 'stuff' to do with our girlfriends, let alone the sexual time, was almost mind-boggling.

"Says the man with an extra girlfriend and who is playing cop," Leo teased me.

"Well, not today," I said.

"Good," Leo nodded. "You need to take breaks, dude."

"We need to take more breaks," I said. "Like this. It's not like I missed you or anything, but-"

"Yeah, I get it," Leo chuckled.

We sat and drank in silence for a few minutes, just enjoying the sound of the water and the trees around us. We couldn't hear the tree-clearing crews yet, but by later in the afternoon they would be audible and by that night they'd be close enough that the Spring wouldn't be usable until after all the construction was finished.

"You know I love you, right?" Leo asked me.

"Better not have a boner over there, looking at my fresh new bod," I teased him. I'd only had five workouts with Abi over at the Falls so it was too early to show any signs of the effort going into them, but I still felt great... a day after.

"You know what I mean, asshole."

"I do," I grinned and stretched my arm out to offer him my fist for a bump. "I love you too, man."

He bumped my fist and smirked, taking another sip of his beer.

"Speaking of which," I said. "When this whole thing started, you remember that conversation we had about becoming brothers-in-law?"

"Yeah. And then you go and make my sister be the one to pop the question, you dick," Leo laughed.

"Pffft, you know she's more decisive than I am about that sort of thing," I said. "Anyways, we haven't set a date or anything for the wedding, but I wanted to make this official too - would you be my best man?"

Leo took in a deep breath, grinning widely, then let it out. "Sorry, I can't," he said.

That made me blink in surprise. "What?" I asked. "Why not?"

"Erica already asked me to be her Man-of-Honour," Leo said. "And walk her down whatever aisle you end up with, too. So I'm spoken for, buddy."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I asked. "She didn't tell me she was asking you."

"First she pops the question, then she snakes your best man," Leo snickered. "Come on, Black. Get your shit together."

"This is unbelievable," I groaned. "Who the fuck am I supposed to ask now? I couldn't choose between my girls, and I'm pretty sure they'll all be bridesmaids anyways."

"I dunno, dude," Leo said. "For a macho military guy, the fact that I'm your only close male friend is a little sad."

"Hey, I've got plenty of male friends," I said. "We just live all across the country, and some are still in active service. And we rarely talk to each other." And, the silent thought hung in the air, I had no idea how many of them were still alive what with the pandemic.

"Well, I'm sure you'll figure something out," Leo said. "Worst comes to worst, you can ask my sister if she'll share me."

"Bastard," I laughed, splashing him across the spring pool. That just made him laugh more.

"I hope you guys aren't naked in here," Vanessa called from somewhere outside of the trees that ringed the pool and the clearing around it. "Or, hell, maybe I do."

"Just mostly," I called back, looking over my shoulder as my partner came trudging through the woods. She was dressed in her work gear, steel toe boots and reflective vest and all. The only thing she was missing was her hard hat on her head, which was instead hanging from a carabiner on her belt. "Hey, Vee."

"Hey, big guy," Vanessa said, coming over to the spring pool and starting to kick off her boots. "Hey, Leo."

"What's up?" I asked. "How'd you get up here?"

"I walked my ass up here," Vanessa said. "You two had both the ATVs."

"I would have come back down to get you if you called," I said.

“Nah, it’s fine,” Vanessa said. Her boots were off and she peeled her socks off her feet, then rolled up her jean legs to the knee and slipped her feet into the cold water. “Oh, fuck that’s good.”

“What’s up, Vee?” Leo asked.

“A girl can’t take a hike in the woods?” Vanessa asked with a little teasing smirk. “No, but seriously, I just needed a hot minute to myself with everything going on and coming up here to check on the site of our house was a good enough excuse to slip out for half an hour.”

Just that was a change from the old days. A hike up here would have usually taken an hour even if you took the quickest path, now with all the new roads being cut the time was in half. By the time things were finished, it might only take twenty minutes from the highway to the spring. Hell, maybe fifteen.

“Everything good?” I asked.

“Good as in what?” she asked me. “Everything is on time for the new schedule. We’ve got almost two hundred workers bussing in for each day and night shift, which they mostly hate because some of them are coming from up to an hour away. The renos to the first barracks are almost done and we’ll probably start moving people over in the next few days, but they’re going to hold half the number of actual construction workers as before. My labourer crews are going to explode with completely untrained women who the foremen are going to need to watch like hawks to make sure we don’t have any safety issues, and I’ve only got so many cleaner and cook jobs before they’ll need to be doing physical labour. My ass is dead tired, my brain is fried, and I’m not going to get an actual day off for at least another two weeks.”

“God damn,” Leo said.

I’d already asked her almost every morning when she woke up at 5 AM to start her day if there was anything I could do to help her out and she always said no. I felt bad, but tried not to let it show since I knew even though she was cranky and tired and ached all over that this was the life she’d chosen and that she actually enjoyed it. So instead of asking her, or commenting, I just reached over and took her feet in my hands and started washing them off lightly with my thumbs to get the sweat and grit from her boots off of her.

“Fuck,” Vanessa groaned, closing her eyes and laying back on the ground.

“How are the house plans?” I asked.

Vanessa snorted. “I finally got back an email about some of my requests.”

“Which one did it?” I asked with a smirk.

“The stripper pole stage,” Vanessa chuckled.

“Not the full-sized shooting range?” I asked.

“Nope. They know you’re the official law enforcement for the ‘county’ so it wasn’t even questioned,” Vanessa said. “And Leo, they approved the woodworking shop outbuilding for you. I’ll get you the plans when they are done so you can check them over and ask for changes.”

“Awesome,” Leo grinned. “And I can tell you one thing right now for sure - more outlets.”

Vanessa smirked and nodded. “We’ll get you covered.”

“Did you know Erica asked Leo to be her man-of-honour?” I asked Vanessa.

“Hah! I knew she was going to, not that she did,” Vanessa laughed. “She beat you to it, didn’t she?”

“Yes,” I grumbled.

“Just ask Dani,” Vanessa said. “Or Miriam.”

That made me purse my lips into a thoughtful frown. I had assumed Erica would have Dani as a bridesmaid along with Kyla, Vanessa and Ivy, but if I got to her first I could get one back over on her.

“You two want me to give you some time alone up here?” Leo asked.

“Nnnn-yeaa-no,” Vanessa wavered back and forth. “I can’t. I need to get back.”

“Don’t move too fast,” I teased her, considering she hadn’t moved from her lying-back position. I tickled the bottom of her foot lightly and she just shifted a little.

“Five more minutes,” Vanessa groaned.

Leo and I just laughed.

* * * * *

The buzzing of Erica’s tattoo machine had been a steady drone since we had gotten back from the spring pool. Vanessa had ended up riding on the back of my ATV instead of hiking back down herself, and I’d gotten a chance to give her a proper kiss in the shadow of the storage container where we parked. As we’d kissed she’d groaned and her hands had travelled a little, rubbing my torso, and I could tell she wanted more but was holding herself back. I decided I would stay up late that night so that I could get some alone time with her.

As I entered the compound, sweeping through the door of sheets that gave us our privacy, I found Erica was set up in the shade next to our RV and was currently tattooing India's shoulder. The tanned woman was topless and face down on the folding table as my fiancée sat next to her on a stool.

To be frank, the whole 'outdoor tattooing' setup wasn't the most sterilized set-up, but Erica was doing what she could and as long as we weren't getting a breeze blowing dust or grit through it seemed to be doing fine. It didn't help that Macho, the dachshund I'd rescued, was tied up in the shade and barked happily from under the table to see that I'd come back, his little tail whipping wildly.

While Erica was tending to India, I saw Dani already heading into the other RV with Leo while Ivy, Aria and Kyla were all laying out in the deck chairs taking in the sun that was peeking out from the soft cloud cover overhead. It wasn't nearly as hot out as the late spring had been but still pleasantly warm and it had been a few weeks since the girls had a reason to break out their bikinis.

"Hey, Harri?" Aria asked me as I went over to the little covered wooden board that Leo had rigged for us to hang our keys on. "You got time for that design now?"

"Oh, sure. Let me go get my stuff," I said. I passed by Erica on my way to our RV and she stopped her needlework on India just long enough to give me a little peck on the lips. She was still doing the linework on India's shoulder, some sort of a tropical flower piece. I went to one knee to give Macho a good head rubbing too, and that turned into a quick belly rub as well - the girls had ended up giving him the name due to the big fuzzy balls that wagged between his short little legs and seemed almost oversized for the little guy. Inside the RV I quickly changed into a fresh pair of shorts and shirt after wiping the dust off of me from the ATV ride back down the hills, then grabbed my sketchbook and some pencils.

"Alright, what were you thinking, Aria?" I asked as I went to the sunbathing women. I leaned in and kissed Kyla, who smiled softly and reached up to run her hand under the bottom hem of my shirt and stroke her fingers across my stomach briefly.

"So, I was thinking of doing a matching design," Aria said as I went around her to Ivy, leaning down to kiss my other girlfriend. Ivy, unlike Kyla, wasn't happy with a brief and firm peck and she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into a deeper kiss as she fed me her tongue.

"Mmf!" I grunted against Ivy's lips, holding a finger out to Aria asking her to wait a moment.'

"Ivy, he was in the middle of a conversation," Kyla chuckled.

Ivy finished her kiss with me, letting go of me and falling back slightly into her chair with a big shit-eating grin. "Love you, *mon amour*," she said.

“*Je t’aime aussi chéri,*” I said, my French ‘lessons’ still pretty much limited to telling Ivy that I loved her, and different little things I could call her. It still worked as she beamed at me and pursed her lips again in an air kiss. “OK. Sorry, Aria. A matching design?”

“It’s fine,” Aria smiled. “Yeah, matching. I’ve had this idea for a while of doing a nature landscape on my left leg and a city landscape on my right leg. They would go around my lower legs, and if possible I thought it would be cool if they formed a loop since it’ll be a mini leg sleeve.”

“Oh, that is cool,” I said, opening up my sketchbook to an empty page and tearing it out. “How big were you thinking? I’m not huge on tattoo design, but I could probably do it tight like a band, or all the way out to just under your knee down to just over your ankle.”

“I know, Erica said tattooing wasn’t your thing,” Aria said. “That’s OK. I was thinking a couple inches below my knee and above my ankle, so you have most of the lower leg to work with but it doesn’t need to be solid or anything.”

“Neat. OK, so if I’ve learned anything at all from Erica about tattoo design it’s that fitting the curve and shape of the location on the body is really important. I’m thinking that we can wrap the paper around your shin and calf and I can mark the curves. Sound good?”

“Nice thinking, babe,” Erica called over from her work on India. “Glad to know I’m rubbing off on you.”

“Wait, did you say *on* or *to*?” Kyla called over teasingly.

“And *with*!” Erica laughed.

I slipped off of my chair, shaking my head at the banter, and knelt in front of Aria. She sat forward on the chair to give me room to work, and soon I had the paper around her leg and was tracing the curves of her calf.

“Harrison,” Ivy said to me. “Do me *une petite faveur* and look up, *mon amour*?”

I glanced over at her with a questioning look, then glanced up at Aria - right into her cleavage. Now, Aria had nice tits, just a little smaller than Erica’s and full and natural, so it wasn’t anything I hadn’t seen before. She also took after her girlfriend and often went braless when she was wearing a T-shirt or tank top, so seeing them bouncing and jiggling as she moved around wasn’t even that weird.

Being six inches from her bikini-clad cleavage was new.

“Oh my God, he went so red,” Kyla started laughing behind her hand.

“You OK there, Harri?” Aria grinned at me. I immediately ducked my head back down and went back to trying to outline the curves of her calf. The fact that my hands had been touching her bare skin when I glanced directly into her cleavage had just made the whole thing that much more intimate.

“Yep, totally fine,” I said.

“For a guy with four girlfriends, you definitely don’t seem OK,” Kyla teased me. “They’re just boobs.”

“Not the same thing, dear,” I said.

“What about showering at the Falls?” she asked. “You never go that red there seeing Josie or Abi completely naked.”

“Still not the same thing,” I said.

“Oh, leave him alone,” Aria said. “He’s being sweet. *And* doing me a favour.”

I stood up, generally happy with the marking of the curves of Aria’s calf, and I set down my sheet and pencil on my chair before stepping over to Kyla. “Come here,” I said, picking her up out of the chair bodily. She naturally looped her arms around the back of my neck and her legs around my waist as I held her by her butt. “Would you rather I stared into Aria’s cleavage and got hypnotized by the boobs?”

“No,” she said with a little smirk and an eye roll.

“Would you rather I have lost control and motorboated her?” I asked, lifting Kyla up and pressing my face between her own bikini-clad breasts and making the sound.

She laughed, shaking her head and running her fingers through my hair before pushing my head back from her. “No, dear. I wouldn’t want that.”

“Then stop teasing me about being tricked into doing something rude,” I said and gave her butt a little swat.

She sighed and nodded, then kissed me. “I’m sorry, dear. You’re right.”

I set Kyla back down on her feet and turned to Ivy. “And you,” I said, shaking my finger at her. “Don’t think I magically forgot you’re the one who tricked me to begin with.”

Ivy was just grinning, curled up on her deck chair and chewing on the inside of her lip. “I am not sorry,” she said. “Aria has great tits.”

“Awe, thanks I’ve,” Aria laughed.

I just shook my head and let out an exasperated sigh. “Troublemaker!”

Ivy scrunched up her face in a pleased little teasing expression and stuck out her tongue.

“Alright,” I said, turning back to Aria. “Let’s talk landscapes.”

* * * * *

“I’m sorry for earlier,” Kyla said. It was late, well after dinner, and the return of the overcast sky had the evening hour darkening quickly. She’d asked me to come on a walk with her so we’d laced up our hiking boots and headed out with jackets and flashlights. Even before the construction I knew most of the trails by heart but would have brought a light anyways, now half of the trails were gone and we couldn’t walk fifty yards without spotting one of the road cuts through the trees, but it was still worth being safe.

We were walking hand in hand and hadn’t gone too far before she’d said what she’d been holding onto.

“I know you are, Kyla,” I said. “I’m not mad.”

“I know you aren’t,” she said. “And that’s part of *why* I want to always keep falling in love with you. I- While I was growing up, and then when I went into training, backtalk or teasing like that wasn’t the norm. My family wasn’t playful. They loved me, sure, but I never felt loved like I do now. I had to *learn* how to be playful and tease when it was decided I would be stationed in the United States at the University because that was what was expected of a popular, attractive Western girl. And I got used to that, and with the way everything has been happening and growing between all of us, and how close I feel to the others... When Ivy played that little joke on you, it felt like back in college and I pushed the teasing. But that’s not who I am.”

“That’s not entirely true,” I said, tugging on her hand to get her to stop. We were into the woods now on one of the old paths, but the sound of a cutting crew wasn’t too far away. As she stopped I used my hand not holding hers to sweep some of her silky black hair away from her face. “Teasing and being playful *is* part of you. And it’s a fun part. It’s just not all you are - I’ve known people who are all banter, all the time. Usually, they grow out of it in high school, but some of them can’t lose it. I knew a few of them in the military. Those guys never felt settled, and rarely had a good group of core friends, because they never let anyone get closer than the good-natured teasing. But you are so much more than that.”

“I don’t-” Kyla started, but stopped herself and seemed to rethink something quickly. “I don’t want to become cold,” she said. “I don’t want to be the way my mother was with my father, or with me. But I also don’t ever want you to feel like I’m disrespecting you.”

“Kyla, Kyla, Kyla,” I sighed, pulling her into a hug and wrapping her body up in my arms as she pressed her cheek to my chest. “I’m not going to lie to you, we all turn out a little like our parents even if we don’t want to. But you are more than the sum of your parts, and together we can make sure we’re both the best people we can be for each other. And our kids. And, even though it’s fucking crazy, we’ll also have Erica and the girls to call us out on our shit, too.”

“I know,” Kyla said. “I- I’m actually looking forward to that. But still, Harri. I don’t ever want you to think I’m trying to put you down or make you less than the amazing giant of a man that I see you as.”

“I love you, Kyla,” I said.

“I love you too,” she said.

We walked some more, taking a couple of turns away from the noise of the cutting crews, walking hand in hand until we skirted around one of the lowland areas that were usually a little boggy but had dried out that spring, and into a clearing. Looking up into the sky, there was a bit more light pollution than I was used to from the nearby spotlights lighting up the work areas, but it was still way better than in a town or city. As I was looking up at those stars and smiling to myself, Kyla tugged me towards the other end of the clearing and flicked on her flashlight to reveal there was a blanket spread out, and a little travel cooler and backpack.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“Something I got some help with,” Kyla said.

“You girls constantly amaze me with how you do this.”

“I’ve been thinking about this for a while,” Kyla said with a smile, pulling me towards the blanket and settling down with me. “I thought out here, surrounded by a place you love and under the stars, was a good way to start.”

“Are you-?” I started, my eyes widening.

“No,” Kyla said with a smile and both her hands on my arm, assuring me. “No, not yet, Harri.”

“Oh,” I said. And that little word, or the way I said it, caused something to change in Kyla. Her expression shifted, her eyes getting a little bigger, and she leaned in and kissed me deeply.

“Soon,” she said after our lips drifted apart. “It’ll happen soon.”

I just smiled and nodded.

"This is about something else," Kyla said and reached for the cooler and opened it to reveal it had a lining of ice and two beers. She took one out, cracked it open and handed it to me, and then took the other out and cracked it open for herself before taking a long swig of it.

"Liquid courage?" I asked.

"Something like that," she said, then set the beer down. "Harri, I want what Erica has. I want to be all yours." Now I raised an eyebrow, trying to think of how I could be engaged and marry two different women. Being in the weird polyamorous arrangement of the vaccine was one thing, but I was pretty sure marrying two people was still illegal. Kyla quickly shook her head, "No, not like that," she grunted a little sigh. "God, I'm messing this up by beating around the bush."

I had to laugh at that, leaning in to press my forehead against hers. "Just tell me," I said.

"I want to do anal with you," she said. "I've never done it with someone before, and I want to bring it... into rotation. Like Erica. Not all the time like Ivy, but I want to share that with you."

That made my eyebrows rise up as I blinked. "Oh," I said. "OK. I'm- Yes, please?"

That made her chuckle, which got me chuckling as well. "Do you want to? With me?"

"Kyla, please," I said. "I would love to. But out here?"

"Mhmm," Kyla nodded. Then she reached for the backpack and unzipped it, pulling out a bottle of lube. "Erica helped me with a buttplug earlier, and Ivy's been giving me tips."

Now *that* was a scene I might have paid tickets to see, Erica helping Kyla with her first buttplug experience. I could only imagine how awkward yet caring yet silly it would have been.

I leaned in and kissed her, her plush lips smashing against mine as she slowly leaned back and I followed her down until she was on her back and I was over her. Making out with each of my partners was different, and with Kyla, I was always struck by a soft tenderness behind her firmer, athletic energy. We continued to kiss as we started to strip - my shirt was off first, followed by hers. I left her lips behind to kiss down her neck to her chest. Her skin there was so amazingly smooth as I kissed down further between her breasts and I planted kisses across her bosom and bra while she ran her fingers through my hair and scratched softly at my scalp.

Kissing lower, I was just reaching the button for her jean shorts when the loud ring of my cell phone started binging in my pocket.

"Mmmgh," I grunted, my lips pressed just below her belly button. "Hold on." I rolled to the side and off of her, pulling my phone out and frowning at the number. "Hello?"

“Sheriff Black, this is Captain Toranno,” said the gruff voice on the other end. I didn’t recognize the name, but I did recognize the voice - it was the big State Trooper Captain from the morning after the shootout at Mary’s. “Are you available tomorrow morning? We’ve got an issue we need to deal with and an extra vehicle would be a big help.”

“Um, yes, Captain,” I said, looking over my shoulder at Kyla. She was currently on her back and pushing her shorts and panties down her legs, her bra already discarded. “Tomorrow morning should be fine. What are we doing?”

“We need to transfer a handful of prisoners,” the Captain said. “It shouldn’t take more than a few hours. We’ll need you down in Sheridan for 8 AM, is that doable?”

“Absolutely, happy to help,” I said “Just text me the address and whoever I should be asking to meet with.”

“Great,” the Captain said, and then without even a ‘thank you’ he hung up.

“God damn,” I grunted, dropping my phone and turning fully to my very naked girlfriend.

“What are we doing tomorrow?” Kyla asked as she pushed me onto my back and started working at undoing my belt.

“Prisoner transfer of some sort I guess,” I said. “I thought the US Marshals were supposed to be in charge of that, but what do I know?”

“So we need to be sitting in the truck for several hours tomorrow?” Kyla asked. She’d gotten my belt and fly open and was tugging my jeans down.

“You don’t have to come,” I offered.

She gave me a look as she peeled my pants from my legs. “You think I’m going to let you go out on *another* trip without me, or at least another of the girls?”

“I guess not,” I said.

She had my cock in her hand and leaned in, this time riding me down to my back as we kissed. “If I’m spending that much time sitting down tomorrow, I think we need to hold off on anal tonight,” she mumbled between kisses.

“Makes sense,” I muttered back, a little disappointed but for a good reason.

“Another time. Soon,” Kyla promised.

“OK,” I said. My hands had found her ass and were kneading her buttocks as she slowly stroked my cock and we kissed.

“Just fuck me, Harri,” she gasped. “Fuck me and I’ll keep the buttplug in.”

My fingers delved between her cheeks and found the little round stopper for the buttplug, teasing it by pushing on it a little and wiggling it.

“Fu-uuuuck,” Kyla moaned. She got up with one foot on the ground, opening herself up more, and tilted my cock into position so that she could start sitting down on it. “I love you, Harrison.”

“I love you too, Kyla,” I gasped as she took the head of my cock inside of her, squeezing me tight.

She gasped as she bottomed out on me, her warm golden-brown skin pressing down onto mine as we both revelled in the feeling of each other. The buttplug in her ass made an odd pressure against me inside of her, but it wasn’t particularly large so she didn’t feel overly stuffed to me. Then she began to use her hips to slowly start grinding on my cock, her black hair hanging around our faces as she looked down at me in the dark.

The sex was smooth and liquid. Kyla had perfect control of her body and encouraged me to let my hands roam over her. And like a couple dancing, we traded positions and power with ease, rolling over so that I was on top and could thrust into her with the same languid grace as she was showing me. With me on top, the light from the moon peeking around the clouds showed me her gorgeous face as her hair spread out on the blanket around her. I dropped my lips to hers and kissed her desperately, breathing in her scent through my nose.

We made love like that for a good fifteen minutes before she rolled out from under me onto her side and I spooned up behind her. Kyla’s balance and poise made it so that this position still allowed me to get deep into her as she raised her leg into the air, and I reached around and softly played my fingers along her clit and labia as I fucked into her.

“Yes, Harrison,” she gasped into the night. The chirps and croaks of the wildlife were all around us, and the cutting crews were just a distant hum nearly drowned out by nature. “You feel so fucking good, dear.”

“You are amazing,” I grunted, hugging around her chest with my other arm as I started focusing my fingers on her clit.

“Do that. Do that more... God, I want your cum inside me, Harrison. Fill me. Breed me, Harrison. I’m ready. You’re ready. I want you.”

I planted my lips onto the top of her shoulder, muffling myself by kissing her skin as I grunted hard and began to release inside of her. Kyla didn’t have the same muffle and she groaned

loudly and wordless, her cry of ecstasy at her orgasm rolling through her releasing into the trees. I hoped, dreamily in the midst of my own orgasm, that hers wasn't just the vaccine and that we'd hit that peak together naturally despite it, not because of it.

We lay like that for a good amount of time as I slowly softened inside of her and then finally slipped out, but she hugged my arms around her and didn't want to get up for another few minutes.

"Next time," she promised me quietly.

"When it makes sense," I told her. "We don't need to rush it. And I'm going to want you more before the 'right time' pops up."

She smiled and turned, kissing me over her shoulder. "I want you always," she told me.

* * * * *

I did end up getting anal that night, but it was with Ivy before everyone was getting ready for bed and it was a quickie. The girl was honestly astounding at how well she could take my cock in her little behind. Then I waited up for Vanessa at the firepit in the compound, chatting with Dani and Leo who wanted to let Aria and India have a little alone time in their RV.

When Vanessa finally showed up for the night, dead tired and covered in the dirt of the day, I brought her into the RV and got into the shower with her. She almost fell asleep on her feet as I washed her, but perked up when I planted my lips to her pussy and we ended up having a fast and passionate fuck in the little bathroom as she muffled herself with a towel between her teeth to keep from waking the others.

I almost told her I loved her again afterwards but managed to stop myself. Instead I carried her back to the bed and found Kyla looking back at us from her side of the bed. Somehow I wasn't surprised that she was the one who was still awake even though we had an early morning coming up, and she made space for me to lay Vanessa down and soon I was being snuggled by the two of them.

The next morning Vanessa was up early as always, needing to get out the door well before her day-shift workers showed up on-site, and Kyla and I weren't far behind her. We tried to be as quiet as possible but it was no good, and Erica ended up cooking us breakfast in the buff as Ivy helped Kyla by braiding her hair as the Filipino woman did her makeup for that 'natural look' that she preferred when we were working.

We were out the door before six - the drive down to Sheridan would take a couple of hours. It was southwest of Portland, and even the lack of dealing with traffic wouldn't make the back highways any faster. We were both wearing our button-down, collared shirts to look as 'official' as we could, and I had my badge out on the neck chain again while she wore hers on her belt.

We took the scenic route, though that was mostly because it was also faster according to GoogleMaps, and passed through a few of the smaller towns that were around the fringe of Portland before we got down to Sheridan itself. I had told Kyla about the experience going all the way down to Eugene, but thankfully we didn't run into any locked-down towns or ghost towns as far as we could tell. There was a checkpoint as we got off the 18 and followed the directions Captain Torreno had sent me, but seeing our vehicle and a flash of our badges was enough for the National Guard to wave us through without questions.

At the end of the directions we pulled into FCI Sheridan, the medium-security federal prison. I almost had *deja vu* of when I had pulled up at the Eugene PD - the parking lot was *full* of cars and trucks; civilian, police and National Guard.

"Why the hell do they need us here for this?" I muttered to myself as I put the truck in park.

Kyla grimaced, looking around out the windows. There were a few people walking into and out of the gates, all uniformed in one way or another, and they all had medical masks and gloves, and many of them had full hazmat hoods. "I think most of the people here are busy with what's staying behind, not whoever we're taking with us."

That made me grimace as well. "Let's get suited up," I said.

Kyla and I got out of the truck and went around and opened the bed, strapping on our bulletproof vests with their emblazoned 'SHERIFF' patches - Miriam had sent those patches down to replace the 'POLICE' ones that had been on them before. Then I took the M4 out of the secured compartment and did a quick check on it before we stowed it in the front seat, and we each took a couple of extra mags for our sidearms out of the compartment as well.

Maybe it was a bit much, but we were both getting bad feelings about things.

Lastly, after locking up the truck bed again, I took a moment to drop my mask and kiss Kyla. "I'm sorry last night didn't work out the way you planned," I said.

"I'm sorry I made an offer I had to go back on," she said with a little smirk. "I'm definitely glad we waited, though. My ass felt weird for half the night after I got that plug out of me. I can't imagine what sitting in the truck for that long would have been like."

That made me laugh, and she gave me another peck before we raised our masks again and headed for the front gate to the prison. We were met there by a pair of National Guardsmen who checked our IDs and radioed inside before directing us back to the truck and to follow a road around the walls to a back gate that would bring us to a loading area. We quickly went and were checked again at the back gate with the National Guardsmen there not even blinking at the M4 blatantly displayed next to Kyla in the passenger seat.

We were waved through and pointed towards a collection of various police vehicles and a small, spread-out crowd of uniformed officers. We pulled into line with the others and got out, receiving some nods from the others. Everyone was standing around the front of their own vehicles and were waiting for something, so we did the same. Parked next to us was a State Trooper from somewhere else in the state, and beyond him was a guy with an SUV marked as a Federal Marshall. Beyond them was a local PD from Sheridan, and a couple of cars from Portland.

No one was talking, so again Kyla and I kept to ourselves, unsure of what the protocol here was.

A few minutes later another vehicle came rumbling in, this one looking for all the world like a military vehicle, blacked out and making me shake my head. I'd always heard complaints about the 'militarization of the police' from folks while I lived in Portland and hadn't really cared - if the bad guys could upgrade, why couldn't the police, in my book. But this just felt like a bit much. It was labelled as belonging to the Salem PD, and two SWAT-equipped officers got out wearing full gas masks.

"Jesus Christ," I muttered to myself.

"Remember, dear," Kyla murmured to me. "None of them have the vaccine."

That made me second-guess my eye-rolling. What I'd seen and dealt with, and what had been happening down in Eugene, I'd been doing it knowing I had the vaccine. These men and women didn't have that luxury. They were facing every day, likely all day, with just a thin pair of gloves or medical mask between them and a lot of awful.

How could I blame them for using gas masks if they had them?

A couple of minutes later a few men in military fatigues stepped out of the loading area of the prison, and once they came into the light I could see the markings. They were National Guard, with one wearing the oak leaves of a Major and the other two the stripes of Sergeant Majors. The Major nodded and one of the Sergeant Majors went back inside, then the other two came to the edge of our little row of law enforcement officers but stopped about twenty feet away. The Major gestured to the Sergeant Major who had stayed with him, and the younger man took about ten steps back and to the side, and then the Major took off his mask and breathed deeply of the fresh morning air.

"God damn," he grunted, smacking his lips for a moment and taking another breath before turning his focus on us. "Alright, folks. I'm Major Button, and I'm going to assume you all are fairly in the dark about what's going on. I'll keep it brief - FCI Sheridan is shutting down. There was an outbreak and we're seeing 96% plus casualties among the prisoners, corrections staff and administrators. The staff who are still around are in quarantine, and the fortunate few convicts who are still alive need transporting. We're just waiting on the blood tests down from a lab in Portland to give us the OK to move them. You'll all be heading to the same place in

caravan. The good news is they are all scared shitless so we haven't had any problems with them. The bad news is that a lot of the survivors didn't get infected because they were absolute shits and were in isolation when the outbreak happened, so if they do manage to shake their abject fear we're talking about men who aren't afraid of violence. We're expecting that might happen as you close in on Columbia River and they start looking at entering another facility."

"Wait, we're bringing them to CRCI?" one of the Marshalls spoke up, interrupting the Major. "That's a minimum security facility."

"It's what we've got," the Major grimaced. "There hasn't been an outbreak there, and the Corrections folks there have been reinforced with a unit from the Army."

There was some muttering from the other officers in line with us, and I could understand their issue. The division of criminals into degrees of risk was important - lots of people thought it was about the risk of convicts breaking out of prison, but that wasn't true at all. It was about the risk of the convicts *to each other*, along with the staff.

"Alright. Stick around out here, we're expecting the results from the tests any time now. Sergeant Major Oscars here will organize the loading. Godspeed, gentlemen." The Major looked like he was about to turn and pace back to the building, but stopped himself and visibly sighed as he slipped the mask back on over his face and then turned and left.

"Well, guess we're going to Portland after all," I said to Kyla, stretching a little.

"We should be bringing them down to Salem," said one of the Salem PD guys through his gas mask next to us. "State still has medium security beds open after their outbreak."

"There was an outbreak down there, too?" I asked.

"Yeah," said the other Salem officer. "Pretty much every prison and jail in the state. These transfers usually go pretty smoothly - most of the time the convicts are just happy to get out of whatever hellhole they were in. Wouldn't be surprised if most of them have PTSD for the rest of their lives."

"How many transfers have you done?" Kyla asked.

"Mmmm, six?" the officer replied. "Three in Salem, helped out with one in Portland, and then a couple of county jails but that was just one guy each time."

"Just make sure you keep a lid on any shit they try and spew," the other one said. "Literally and figuratively."

I nodded. "Noted."

It was about fifteen minutes before the Sergeant Major came out and gave us a quick rundown of the loading operation. Each of the individual cars would have one prisoner, and the remaining four would be loaded into the big Salem PD transport. The first officers in line were waved into the loading area to sign for their prisoner, and it wasn't until the Marshalls were headed in that I clued into the numbers. There were six vehicles total, meaning nine prisoners were being transported. That high a death rate meant there had to be over a thousand dead.

If it was hard to match up my experiences with what the other officers dealt with on a daily basis, I couldn't imagine what being in that prison had been like. And this was just one prison.

When it was our turn, Kyla and I marched into the loading area and I was handed papers pertaining to the transfer, and I signed for the prisoner. His name was Jackie Fallows. Jackie was marched out to us in an orange jumpsuit with wrist and ankle shackles, and I quickly checked they were secure. He was a shaggy guy, his facial hair cut into a rough goatee, and his eyes were a little sunken and darted around nervously. I was almost a head taller than him, and Kyla was nearly as tall as he was, but he was wiry under the bulky jumpsuit as I took him by the arm and led him towards our truck.

"Hey, so, any chance of like... a burger and fries on the way?" Jackie asked once we were out of the loading area. "I swear to Christ I'll be a fucking fly on the wall if you guys could get me some decent chow. I went three days without food in the hole before they found me, and they've been feeding me like shit since then. Not that the food in there was good anyways, it was always shit, just like... more shit."

"Sorry, inmate," I said. "No can do on detours, we're convoying it and I doubt the boys in the big rig can fit through a drive-through."

"Damn," Jackie sighed. And then he just kept talking. Yammering away as we got him up into the back seat of the truck, I don't think he even stopped talking after we got the door shut and before we got into the front. I quickly got the sense that Jackie Fallows was a nervous talker, and he was nervous as hell.

The Salem PD guys brought out four prisoners chained together and shuffling in line, and it took them five minutes to get them secured in the back of their rig. One of the officers stayed with them back there while the other got in the front seat and nodded down at me. Soon all of the vehicles were humming as their engines turned over, and we were pulling out of the parking lot and rumbling towards the gates. I waved the Salem rig ahead of me, and the officer waved and gave me a little nod in thanks before pulling ahead.

"Why send him first?" Kyla asked me.

"Just instinct," I explained. "Really he should probably be in the middle of the convoy as the biggest vehicle with the most number of prisoners. It doesn't make sense for him to be the tail of the group."

“Hey, you were in the military!” Jackie crowed from his seat in the back. “Where did you serve?”

“All over,” I said, trying to keep my voice pleasant but detached.

“Any time in the sandbox? I was in the sandbox, just like my Daddy before me. Different wars, obviously, but man that shit was wild. You ever kill anyone? Me, I never got the chance, which sounds weird considering all the fighting, right? But nope, never did. Nearly got blown up a couple of times, but didn’t fire my rifle once. You’d think a guy like me, they’d put me in the action, but-” He just kept talking.

The drive out of Sheridan was short and we were on our way to Portland. I hadn’t known what to expect for a prisoner transport, and I still felt a little bit of an edge of vigilance in the back of my mind as we made the drive and Jackie rambled away to himself in the back. I was almost surprised that Kyla didn’t snap at the guy, but then she’d probably had training on keeping her cool and patience. I just sort of entered a zen state of letting his voice turn into a meaningless drone as I checked behind us in the mirrors.

“What’s wrong?” Kyla asked me, her voice cutting through Jackie’s and pulling me back.

“Nothing,” I said. “Just thought a car back there was possibly following us, but it turned off.”

“How long?” she asked, ducking her head to look into the side mirror, but the road was empty behind us.

“They showed up just outside of Sheridan, so maybe twenty minutes. Likely just local traffic, it only stood out because the roads are so empty.”

I could tell Kyla frowned behind her mask and started checking the mirrors occasionally as well.

The drive was going to take about an hour and a half since Columbia River was located in the northeast of Portland and we were southwest of the city. Usually we would have needed to run the emergency lights or something for a convoy like the one we were in once we hit the city limits, but we didn’t even need that. We passed cars, but they were sparse and avoided our trail of law enforcement vehicles. The fastest route had us passing right through downtown, and again I was struck by how ravaged certain streets looked - we even passed through the area that had been the ‘no police zone’ or whatever where folks had tried to stage their anti-authority protest in the early months of the year. It was even worse than the rest of the city, but there weren’t any roadblocks anymore and the tent city that had started building was nothing but trash.

We did pass by the skyscraper that housed Miriam’s operation, and I whimsically wondered if we should call her to see about stopping by when we finished the transport. She’d probably

think it was funny that I was doing boring as hell police scut work, and tell me it was my own fault for being too helpful.

“Harri!” Kyla called.

I slammed my brakes at the tone of her voice.

The transport truck hit the back end of the State Trooper car and clipped the front end of the Salem PD rig, sending it careening sideways. The Transport had come from our right, blasting through an intersection. I hadn't seen it earlier because of the buildings, and Kyla had only seen it at the last moment.

My whole body was jerking forward from slamming on the breaks, and I heard a dull thud behind me as Jackie rolled forward with the force and smacked his face into the plexiglass between the two rows of seats. I braced my hands on the steering wheel, and Kyla was braced against the dash. The truck skidded and I peeled it to the right, avoiding the end of the Salem PD rig.

It took a hot second for my brain to catch up with my hands. Instincts stick in the muscles longer than the mind, and the advanced driving course I'd taken while I was an MP had taken over. In the split second my mind needed to catch up, things were changing rapidly.

The transport truck had hit and then jackknifed, folding in on itself and blocking my vision of the rest of the convoy and the State Trooper who had gotten hit. The Salam rig wasn't damaged heavily but had careened into a street lamp and had one wheel off the ground as it was propped up on the street lamp base. The most immediate problem, at least in my book, was the black panel van that was screeching to a halt in the wake of the transport truck and the three motorcycles that were rounding the corner a block back from us, heading in our direction.

I'd been in two ambushes while I was deployed as an infantryman. Both of them had been what's called 'far ambush,' where we were getting shot at from a decent distance away. As long as there is no debilitating damage to the vehicles, the best course of action in that situation isn't to engage the enemy but rather to get out of the kill zone that the enemy had picked out.

This wasn't that. This was a 'near ambush,' and it meant things were fucked. There was only one proven way to deal with a near ambush effectively, and it generally required everyone in the convoy to be on the same page - but we hadn't even taken the time to set up a radio connection, let alone trade phone numbers or something.

I had two options, and they boiled down to instinct and adrenaline. Flight, or Fight.

I slammed my foot down on the gas and the truck lept into motion, gunning it straight towards the black panel van. It had stopped and the side door was sliding open at the same time as the driver was starting to hop out. Men, dressed in rough clothes and wearing black balaclavas, were starting to exit. I saw two rifles.

They saw, or heard, me too late. Or maybe they heard the scream of terror from Jackie in the back seat.

The crash bar of my beautiful, brand-new truck smashed into the side of the panel van a millisecond after it hit the much softer obstacle of their bodies.

The impact took less time than it took to suck in a breath. The guy that had been coming out of the side door had gotten blown back inside by the impact, colliding with whoever was following him out. The driver didn't just take the impact of my truck, but also of his own door slamming into him and pinning him to his vehicle. Then the van itself took the brunt of my powerful V8 engine, crumpling around my crash bar and hood as my beast of a vehicle slammed and pushed it across the street and into the curb, tipping it up onto two side wheels but catching the bottom of my crash bar and wedging us in place.

Two seconds, maybe less.

I tried not to look at the man who was currently leaking blood out of... well, probably a lot of places onto my hood, and instead glanced over to Kyla. She was wild-eyed but moving, unclipping her seatbelt.

"Go right and circle around them," I ordered her. "And I love you."

"I love you too," she grunted as she opened her door.

I opened mine as well, stepping out and drawing my sidearm. I wasn't too worried about the men in the panel van at the moment and immediately dropped to one knee pointing the muzzle back down the street in the direction we'd come. My vision was a little fuzzy and I had to angrily blink it straight as the three motorcycles were coming to a stop. Two of them had headed closer to the Salem rig, while another one had stopped a little further back and was already off his bike and bracing some sort of an SMG in both hands. I couldn't tell what it was from the distance, but it looked something like an Uzi. He opened fire at the same time I did.

I emptied my mag, and he probably did too. Again, it took maybe two seconds in total.

The spray of bullets panged as they hit my truck and the street. I saw sparks pop off of his bike. The second half of his shots sprayed wildly into the air as he fell back. I'd hit him at least four times - practice counted for something when you weren't within five yards.

I darted left, heading for the back end of my truck, and felt a stab of pain in my right leg but it didn't give out so I kept moving. That was a good thing because more shots started ringing off the side of my truck from the direction of the other motorcycles. I got around the end and behind the wheel, dropping my empty magazine and slamming home a new one from my belt. Kyla was firing the M4 from somewhere on the other side of the black panel van. I rolled onto my belly on

the street and stuck my arms forward in a prone firing stance, looking under my truck at the motorcycles and opening fire again. This time I was slightly more methodical and between myself and Kyla we put down both shooters.

Then there was a metallic bang that sounded different from the other shots and was right next to me. It sounded like a muffled shotgun.

My eyes went wide and I scrambled up from the ground and around to the back of the panel van, but I only made it two steps before a rapid series of shots rang out, this time sounding like my own. As I rounded the van I found Kyla down on her back, her M9 sidearm pointed up at the side of the panel van where she was finishing emptying her mag. There was also a hole in the side of the van about the size of a fist, and the M4 was a mangled mess on the ground.

I emptied the rest of my magazine into the side of the van as well, only maybe four bullets before I was done, and rushed to Kyla and grabbed her by the shoulders of her vest and hauled her backwards. No more shots came from the van, however, and she rolled to stop me from pulling her further than the back.

“Are you OK?” I asked her. “Are you hit?”

“He shot the end off of the rifle,” Kyla grunted and held up her hand, showing me it was fine. “I almost lost my hand. Are you OK?”

“I’m fine,” I said. Like a liar.

We both reloaded and I peeked around the side of the van before I started side-stepping around it keeping my muzzle trained on the shotgun hole. I made it to the front where one of them was on the ground, his blood pooling under him - I couldn’t be sure if the impact from the truck had hit him, or if Kyla had shot him. His door was hanging open though and I checked inside the van - there were four men in the back and none of them were moving. It was possible some were only knocked out from me ramming them and they hit their heads.

I had more pressing concerns though as there were more gunshots from nearby. Kyla had followed me around the van and had gone all the way to the corner of the building and was peeking around. Across the intersection, the driver of the Salem PD rig was out and sitting against the side of his vehicle with the look of a man who’d been shot, but it also looked like he’d gunned down the driver of the transport truck.

Moving to Kyla, I tapped her shoulder and we both circled around the corner of the building and up the sidewalk to the back of the transport. She ducked low and looked under it, then stood and we both moved around.

A shot rang out and punched the metal of the transport trailer right in between Kyla and I, and we both pivoted and my finger twitched, just a half-pound of pressure from pulling the trigger as

I stared down my sights at a police officer looking at me with wide eyes as he realized we were friendly.

I still almost shot him in that split second. Between the adrenaline and my rage, I was *this close* to shooting him down knowing he'd almost hit Kyla.

He dropped his gun, cringing away from it. It was the officer from the Sheridan PD.

I put a hand on Kyla's shoulder and we kept moving, but it was over. The Marshalls were taking charge of things on the other side of the transport where another group of the motorcycles had closed in. A couple of the officers were down, and several of the bikers had gotten away. Kyla and I started to rush back around to the other side of the transport to check on the downed Salem PD driver, but my leg wobbled and I staggered, and Kyla saw it. She turned and I saw her eyebrows furrow, but didn't hear what she said.

Then I was on the ground and she was over me, her hands on me. Searching me.

"Leg," I grunted.

Then I lost consciousness.